Revise & Brush up a little & check

2 copies

K.D. Johnson

Drumheller, Alberta.

BELLY RIVER DAN

A Ballad of the Early Days in Old Lethbridge.

By

Belly River Dan was southern Alberta's pride.
He was six feet six from top to toe. He was forty inches wide.
His voice was like a wolf's. He had hell-fire in his eye
And a battle with six-shooters was to him just "Apple Pie".

Belly River Dan as a babe raised merry hell.
He was bottle fed on cactus juice and Lobo's milk as well.
He bossed his nurse when three years old also his brother Tim.
Them told his Dad where he "got off" when Daddy scolded him.

Now, down in old Lethbridge lived Julie Laurendeau,
A dark-eyed Prairie Belle who came from River Bow.
She worked for Gene Boutellier in Gene's bodega there
And Shorty Miron loved her from her heels up to her hair.

Shorty was young and tender. He had never "beefed" a foe.
So when Dan from Belly River came, poor Shorty stood no show
For the fickle female smiled at Dan and Dan, he grinned at her
While he picked his teeth with a carving fork and combed his hair with a spur.

Shorty's poor heart was torn when he saw Dan plant a kiss
On the luscious lips of Julie where he oft had sought for bliss.

He sneaked behind the bar afeelin' like the deuce
And tried to drown his sorrow in a jug of "Prune Juice".

Old Genes "Red Eye" was strong and when it hit the spot
Young Miron's soul was fortified and rendered wild and hot.
He sprang upon the bar and uttering a yell
He drew a great big butcher knife and leaped at Dan-iel.

Now, Daniel's hand was swift. His gun was very true.
His bullets coming thick and fast pierced Miron thru' and thru'
And though he should have bled to death, he bled no gore
at all
For instead of bleeding blood he bled high proof alcohol.

All rattled at the sight Dan turned too late to flee
And Shorty reached him with the knife and carved him
merrillee.
He cut a piece of "bilin' beef" from off his brisket bone
Then chopped his arms and legs apart so Daniel did atone.

Now up in heaven the angels laugh while the Devil down in
hell
Is swearing sultry sulphorous oaths about our Dan-iel
For his imps are working overtime and drawing extra pelf
Assembling Daniel's remnants to look something like himself..

Oh, Belly River Dan. Oh, Danny, Dan-iel.
He lost his place on earth. In Heaven he could not dwell
For the angels would not gather up his remnants where
they fell
When he got chopped to little bits. So Belly River went
to hell.

Dan was a cowboy who worked on the ranches between Macleod and Lethbridge. Miron was one of the first butchers in Lethbridge being a partner in Piche & Miron's shop. The Laurendeau's were early settlers along the Bow River east of Calgary. As you probably know, "Prune Juice" and "Red Eye" were the names given to the liquor brought into southern Alberta by the Rum Runners in the early days.

In A.F.Q., v. 1#3 (Sept.) 1945

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original in Sept envelope file

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